

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

# D85 DIGITAL MAGAZINE DECEMBER 2014

The Moderator of D85

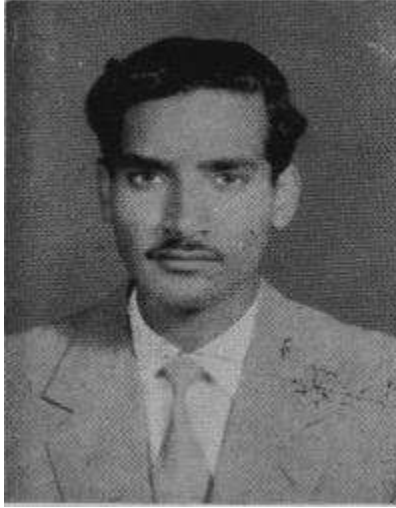


**EDITED BY**

**SALEEM A KHANANI AND SAMEENA KHAN**

انا لله و انا اليه راجعون

**We, the members of the DMC Class of 1985 mourn the loss of our teachers and the wife of a colleague who departed from this mortal world. We join hands in prayers and offer sincere and heart- felt condolences to their families.**



**Professor Akhtar Ahmed**

**Our sympathies go to Dr Yasmeen Akhtar, Dr. Khalid Ahmed and Dr. Shariq Ali and their families for the loss of our respectable Professor Akhtar Ahmed, an icon of neurology in Karachi where he established the first department of neurology at the Civil Hospital in the early 1970s.**



**Professor Salma Akram**

**We express our sense of loss to Madam's daughters Sheema Akram and Saadia Amir. Madam and her husband Professor Mohammad Akram were the most popular academic couple at Dow and no one who studied under them can forget their contribution to medical education in Karachi.**

**Our sympathies and prayers are also with our class fellow Khalid Pervez and his family at the loss of his wife.**

# TRUST

November 2, 2014

## Whatever Allaah does....it's for our best!

by Asma bint Shameem

When my daughter was 2 years old, she loved to play with the water in the commode. Yes, that's right....the commode. Yuck!! That's nasty! You would say. But to her, that was the delight of the day! Splish...splash! To her there was nothing like it! And so when I would prevent her from it, she would scream and cry and wouldn't want to stop. She didn't understand how harmful that was for her. In her little mind, I took away something that she really enjoyed.

And when I would take her to the doctor to have her immunization shots, she didn't understand either. She would howl at the top of her lungs at the first sight of the needle and would run the other way. It would take two of us just to hold her down! To her, frankly, it was plain torture! Her innocent little mind simply could not even *begin* to understand how, on earth, could being tortured by a needle, be good for you?!! She didn't realize that through this 'needle', Allaah will Insha Allaah protect her from certain illnesses and harm that is much more severe than the prick of this little needle.

So what's the point here?

The point I am trying to make is that we, as parents sometimes do things for our kids, out of our great love and concern for them, which they may not understand. They do not see the wisdom behind it, although *we do*, and so we carry out those things because we know it will be better for them.

وَلِلّٰهِ الْمَثَلُ الْأَعْلَىٰ

And for Allaah is the Highest example. (Surah Nahl:60)

So when Allaah Subhaanahu wa Ta'ala , in His Infinite Wisdom, tests us with a situation that *we* think is difficult or takes away something that *in our mind* was good for us, we need to remember that perhaps it may not be so. Perhaps if we had continued in our way, it might have been harmful for us and whatever Allaah decreed for us is actually better for us, for He is All-Wise and All-Knowing.

Allaah says:

وَعَسَىٰ أَنْ تَكْرَهُوا شَيْئًا وَهُوَ خَيْرٌ لَّكُمْ وَعَسَىٰ أَنْ تُحِبُّوا شَيْئًا وَهُوَ شَرٌّ لَّكُمْ ۗ وَاللَّهُ يَعْلَمُ وَأَنْتُمْ لَا تَعْلَمُونَ

**"...and it may be that you dislike a thing which is good for you and that you like a thing which is bad for you. Allaah knows but you do not know." (Surah Baqarah: 216)**

Al-Hasan al-Basri said: "Do not resent the calamities that come and the disasters that occur, for perhaps in something that you dislike will be your salvation, and perhaps in something that you prefer will be your doom."

Remember that we are dealing with the One who is Arham ar-Raahimeen, the Most Merciful of all that show mercy. All the mercy that we have in this world from Adam (Alaiyihi Salaam) to the Day of Judgment is only one hundredth of the Mercy of the Most Merciful. And He is Most Wise. He knows and we don't know.

So have faith in Him and trust in Him and although, sometimes we may not understand the reason behind certain things, know that as long as you obey Him, whatever He will do for you is, in fact for *your* betterment.

So if Allaah didn't give you that big house, or that nice car you wanted or that big raise you were hoping for, know in your mind and believe in your heart that it is actually better for you. Who knows.....maybe that big house, that car or that money would have become a source of 'fitnah' for you....Perhaps you would have become arrogant and conceited because of it, and Allaah saved you from it. Because, you know that the Prophet (sal Allaahu Alaiyihi wa Sallam) said:

**"Any one in whose heart is even a mustard seed's worth of pride will not enter Paradise."** (Muslim)

And if you have been sick and suffering, sure it is not easy. But again, know in your mind and believe in your heart that it is indeed better for you. For, if you bear patiently, it will be a means of expiation for your sins and a source of great reward. The Prophet (sal Allaahu Alaiyihi wa Sallam) said:

**"There is nothing that befalls a believer, not even a thorn that pricks him, but Allaah will record one good deed for him and will remove one bad deed from him."** (Muslim)

And: **"On the Day of Resurrection, when people who had suffered affliction are given their reward, those who were healthy will wish their skins had been cut to pieces with scissors when they were in the world (when they see the immense rewards for the afflictions they suffered)."** (Tirmidhi-Saheeh by al-Albaani)

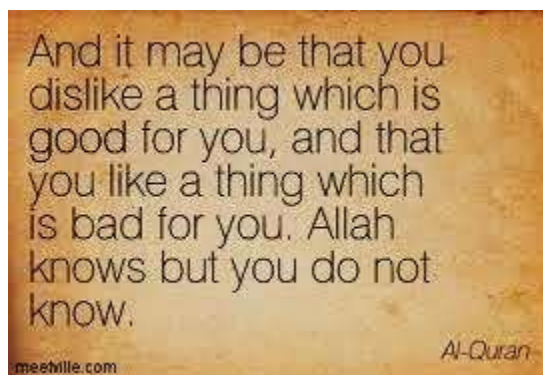
If Allaah took away a dear, loved one, believe, from the bottom of your heart, that surely this was better. For, you never know, had the one who passed away lived longer, may be his life would have been one of sins and disobedience and Allaah, out of His Mercy, took him before that....in a state of Imaan.

And if life has been difficult, worries surround you and calamities after calamities befall you, hear the good news from the Prophet (Sal Allaahu Alaiyihi wa Sallam):

**"Trials will continue to befall the believing men and women, with regard to themselves,**

**their children and their wealth, until they meet Allaah with no sin on them."** (Tirmidhi--saheeh by al-Albaani)

Subhaan Allaah! No sin?! And what is it from this world that you wouldn't give up, just to meet Allaah with no sin??!!



Remember that the One Who is testing you is the Most Wise, the Most Merciful and the Most Loving.....and that He did not send this calamity in order to destroy you....or cause you pain or finish you off. Rather, He is checking on you, testing your patience, acceptance and faith; it is so that He may hear your du'a and supplication, so that He may see you standing before Him....seeking His protection....filled with humility and complaining to Him, alone. The difficulties you face is a reminder for you to return to Allaah and ask for forgiveness from Him. Who knows... if He didn't give you the difficulty, maybe you would have strayed from Him far, far away....

Ibn Taymiyah said: A calamity that makes you turn to Allaah is better for you than a blessing which makes you forget the remembrance of Allaah."

Thus in our times of trouble, when we go through pain and suffering and in our times of loss, we need to trust Allaah. We need to keep in mind that as long as we fear Him and try our best to obey Him, He will never do us wrong. He will protect us and guide us and do the best for us, no matter what the situation *apparently* looks like. Allaah says in a hadeeth Qudsi:

**"I am as my slave thinks of me and I am with him whenever he remembers me."**(Agreed Upon).

It is actually a sign of our weakness and shortsightedness that we tend to focus on the calamities themselves, without paying much attention to the benefits that they may bring. We also forget to look at all other innumerable blessings that we enjoy and see around us. *Our* minds, *our* logic and *our* senses cannot even begin to fathom the Wisdom, the Knowledge and the Hikmah behind Allaah's decisions and verdicts. It is He who is the Wise....it is He who is the Just and it is He who is the Knower of the unseen. If we trust in Allaah, He will suffice and it is He who will grant us goodness in any situation and under any circumstances.

وَمَنْ يَتَوَكَّلْ عَلَى اللَّهِ فَهُوَ حَسْبُهُ

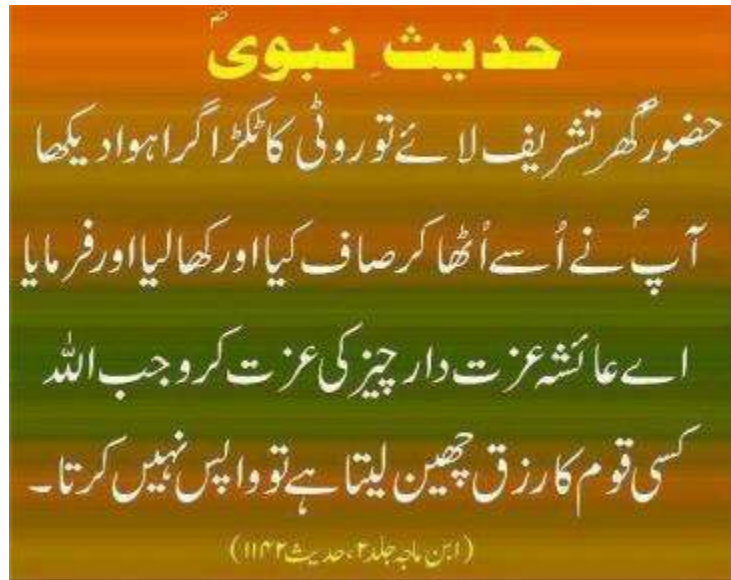
"And when someone puts all his trust in Allah, He will be enough for him." (Surah at-Talaaq:3)

The Prophet (sal Allaahu Alaiyhi wa Sallam) said:

**"If you put your trust completely in Allah, He will arrange for your sustenance in the same way as He provides for the birds. They go out in the morning with their stomachs empty and return filled in the evening."** (Tirmidhi-saheeh).

So trust Him....for, there is much reward in trusting Him.....it is Jannah. And there is sin in distrusting Him. Calamities and disasters are a test, and they are a sign of Allaah's love for a person. They are like medicine: even though it is bitter, yet, in spite of its bitterness you still give it to the one whom you love....

"The greatest reward comes with the greatest trial. When Allaah loves a people He tests them. Whoever accepts that wins His pleasure but whoever is discontent with that earns His wrath." (Saheeh al-Tirmidhi)



## NADEEM ZAFAR - THE D85 MODERATOR

### A FATHER FIRST

BY INAM ZAFAR



I just wanted to write a few words about my father, Nadeem Zafar. My father likes to fish and cook. We have gone on many fishing trips together. Some of his favorite dishes to cook are chicken BBQ and shrimps and fish curry. His cooking is very spicy though!!

Both of us are interested in basketball and we go to watch Grizzlies basketball games together. When i play basketball he is shouting and coaching from the sidelines.

He enjoys listening to music in car, rather loudly. People may not know that he can play piano well. He had the same piano teacher as I. He has a love for music.

He helped set up a halal food pantry in Memphis and sometime I go there with him.

My father is a very friendly person and great company!!



## NADEEM AS A FAMILY MAN





## Nadeem Zafar: My class fellow, my friend

Saleem A Khanani

At Dow the period of seven long years went by as swiftly as a pleasant and ethereal dream leaving behind fond memories. None can forget those days, and nights as well, as we sat in the class rooms, rotated through the wards and spent nights together during our Ob/Gyn rotations. As Michel de Montaigne wrote:

*“Let childhood look ahead, old age backward: was not this the meaning of the double face of Janus? Let the years drag me along if they will, but backward. As long as my eyes can discern that lovely season now expired, I turn them in that direction at intervals. If youth is escaping from my blood and veins, at least I want not to uproot the picture of it from my memory.”*

When we look what was our life more than three decades ago we recall not only those who were close to us, either from the days of school or intermediate, or those who became close friends and group mates at Dow, but also recall somewhat faded but familiar faces of those with whom we had nothing but a nodding acquaintance. At times we wish we had known them better. But this is how life is supposed to be. Some are companions in this journey of life while others are simply riding together.

My recollection of Nadeem Zafar at Dow falls into the category of those who were also in the same class with me but with whom I had no closer bond. Nadeem was well known and very social but somehow not close. I did not know why he was so prominent through our sojourn in the mother of all medical colleges in Karachi. He was not in the top ten or involved with politics. He did not participate in bait-baazi or won laurels at sports. And yet he was ubiquitous. From a distance, I saw him always smiling and laughing, and at times, I thought he was just showing off carrying Grey's and Guyton's.

Little did I know that almost 15 years later fate would bring us together and establish a bond between us that could not have been possible during student life. And as time went on I found a rational answer to my query: What was it about the man that made him ever-visible and so popular?

Nadeem is social, that would be an understatement. He is someone who likes to mix with people, get to know them and do something that would bring smiles to their faces out of complete selflessness and with no expectation of anything in return. He just loved his class fellows and shared my newly acquired passion in the late 1990s to bring our class together, once again, only this time through digital means.

He established the email group for our class, joined and served APPNA and DOGANA with distinction for which he has been recognized without asking, and more recently established the class page on Facebook. He wants to know what each and every one of our class fellows is up to and, if there is anything he can do to share their happiness and sorrows, he would.

Many a time some of us, notably I, Farrukh Hashmi and Sameena Khan would poke him in the side and tickle his tummy, and he would share the enjoyment. He has never complained or misconstrued our intentions or anyone's intention for that matter. In his response of paying us back he has never crossed the bounds of propriety.

Nadeem has many feathers in his luminous crown not the least his championing the class gift to the Civil Hospital Karachi and establishment of water wells in underserved and arid areas of our homeland in the name of our dear departed class mates and relatives. Professionally he has achieved a lot and is currently an associate professor and program directory of pathology residency having trained and qualified from UK and USA.

I could go on and on recounting his unsung and unadvertised humanitarian deeds but instead I would only pray to Allah to reward Nadeem and his family for what he has done and what he wants to do in future. He is a class fellow whose friendship is desired by everyone and whose company is everyone's savory moment of enjoyment and pleasure.

Great work my friend! Keep it up! May Allah help you all the way! Ameen!



## Nadeem's interests



# KARACHI CUISINE

By **Chester Williams**

Karachiites rich and poor alike, love to eat, and generally are more willing to experiment with their cuisine than those living in any other part of the country. This cosmopolitan city is home to not only people who have settled here from other regions of the country, but also to a variety of different ethnic communities. Although within a given socio-economic set up their basic meals may not have varied greatly, their specialties cooked on important occasions were once worlds apart. Today though, with the growing trend for assimilating cultures, one may eat a dish peculiar to one community in other communities as well. They are no longer as great a novelty to the rest of the Karachiites as they used to be.

Generally, breakfast in Karachi does not vary so much owing to people's ethnicity as owing to their income. In the middle and upper classes, bread is normally eaten with eggs, jam or cheese. Cereals often form popular substitutes or accompaniments. Tea is an almost universal favorite, although among the more affluent classes coffee is also favored. Over the weekends, or on public holidays, a more lavish breakfast is normally partaken, comprising aloo ki bhujia, choley, halwa and puris. Breakfast for the lower income groups normally comprises chapattis and leftover curry from the night before.

Meat consumption is heavy in the city, while prawns, shrimps, and a variety of fish including pomfret, eel and carp are often used as substitutes for meat. The staple food at lunch and dinner at upper income groups is a meat curry with chapatti, and some vegetable or lentil dish on the side. But usually meals depend on the affordability of a household, and the main dish is accordingly, either a meat or vegetable or lentils dish. Many households also serve boiled rice as staple for at least one meal.

Among desserts, shahi tukray are a speciality while in winter gajar ka halwa is a popular delicacy.

While typically, curry and chapatti or rice form the staple food of Karachiites, the multi-ethnic composition of the city, as stated earlier, has given rise to the adoption of a vast variety of cuisine that was once popular only in the communities from which they originated. The upper strata of society, which can afford to regularly eat out or cook cuisine that involve imported ingredients or different cooking styles, has begun to frequently partake of dishes that were once alien to them. An example of a foreign cuisine that has become almost universally popular among Karachiites in particular, is Chinese. In fact, so localized have the Cantonese and Szechwan styles patronized in Karachi become, that Chinese food has taken on a completely new dimension here.

Along with the Chinese community that settled in Karachi after Partition, although, some were there from before Partition – many of whom opened restaurants and were responsible for introducing their cuisine to the country – several other communities including the Urdu speaking, commonly referred to as Muhajirs (migrants), Anglo Indians, Goans, Tamilians, Khojas, Gujaratis, Bohras, Memons, Hindus and Parsis also made this city their home, and not only brought their specialties along with them, but were also successful in popularizing them outside their communities.



The Anglo-Indians for instance are a community whose impact on the cuisine has been felt not just in Karachi, the first city in Pakistan to receive their influence but in the smaller towns and villages as well. The ubiquitous plain cake so popular with tea even at chai ka addas, is one example of a food item that owes its popularity to the synthesizing capability of this community.

The Urdu speaking or Mohajir community hail from different parts of India and as such their cuisine varies, depending on their roots. In Karachi, the Urdu speaking communities that have come to be known for their cuisine hail from Lucknow, Hyderabad Deccan, Delhi and Bihar. Each possesses their own set of specialties, and over the years Karachiites in general have acquired a taste for them.

Other types of cuisine that have become popular in Karachi and other major cities of Pakistan owe their popularity not so much to the communities that have settled here and introduced them as to the increasing trend for embracing different cuisines and opening niche restaurants. Hence, we have Italian pizzas and pastas; American burgers and steaks; Arab shawarmas; Japanese sushi's and tempuras and a lot more offered in a large number of restaurants and even cooked in many homes today. The proliferation of cooking shows on television channels has also been responsible for the widespread popularity of, and familiarity with, international cuisines.

### **Special Occasions and Traditional Dishes**

#### **Ramazan**

The ninth month of the Islamic calendar, Ramadan is a month of fasting and abstinence meant to cleanse one's body and soul. Two meals are normally eaten throughout the month: one before dawn – this meal is known as sehri and the other at sunset, known as iftari. While personal choices prevail as to what one eats at the two meals, there are certain dishes that are traditionally linked to each of these meals, and a large number of households partake of them.

**Sehri** – Parathay, eggs, minced meat, jalebi soaked in milk (a pretzel shaped fried sweet made from white flour), pheni (vermicelli) soaked in milk, khaja (crisp wafers) and tea are among the items most likely to grace a table set for sehri. In recent years sehri parties have become popular amongst the elite, and on such occasions a lavish spread is laid out for the guests.

**Iftari** – Traditionally, a fast is broken at iftari with dates or salt, after which all kinds of snack items followed by main meal dishes are consumed. For iftar it is the norm to find pakoray, chaat items, particularly fruit chaat, and mithai such as jalebi on the table. Rooh-e-Afza, a refreshing syrup missed with water or milk, is another favorite in most households.

#### **Eid-ul-Fitr**

Also known as Ramadan Eid, this festive event follows Ramadan. To mark the occasion, special desserts of sewayian (vermicelli) and sheerkhurma – vermicelli in cooked milk – are prepared first thing in the morning in most homes and served to all visitors.

#### **Navroz**

Jamshed Peshdadiyan, one of the most illustrious Kings of the Peshdadiyan dynasty of ancient Iran, founded the festival of Navroz (new day in Persian) to be celebrated on 21 March, heralding the bounties of spring after the barrenness of winter. Today, Navroz is celebrated by people influenced by Iranian culture, notably the Zoroastrians (Parsis), the Bahais, the Ismailis

and the Kurds. In fact, navroz is unique in the sense that it is the only holiday celebrated by more than one religious community.

Among the best known Parsi traditions of Navroz is the sofreh haft-seen, or tablecloth with seven items beginning with the Persian alphabet seen, which symbolizes new beginnings. These are generally: saman – a sweet pudding made from wheat germ, representing wealth; seer – garlic, symbolizing health; saib – apple, representing beauty; somaq – special berries symbolizing the colour of the sunrise; serkeh – vinegar, Representing maturity and patience; sumbul – the hyacinth flower with its strong fragrance, heralding the coming of spring; and sekkeh – coins Symbolizing prosperity and wealth.

A week or so before the holiday, grains of wheat and lentils are placed in bowls to sprout into a mass of greens, signifying growth. The table is also arranged with fruits, nuts, sweets and snacks (to herald a plentiful year), candles, a photograph of Zarathushtra, and a copy of the Avesta, the holy book of the Zoroastrians. A bowl with goldfish and a basket of colored eggs kept replenished for thirteen days, indicating new life, are also placed on the table.

Custom dictates that visitors on Navroz should be sprinkled with rosewater, have a red dot (tilli) placed on their forehead, and be asked to look into a mirror to make a wish. Some say that these rituals signify 'smelling as sweet as roses' and 'shining as bright as a mirror' throughout the New Year.

### **Rainy Days**

Since rainy days are few and far between in Pakistan they are welcomed with great fervor, and looked upon as a reason for rejoicing – and what better way to rejoice than with food! Pakoray are a universal favorite and the onset of a shower is almost invariably followed by the family celebrating by partaking of hot pakoray and chutney. Chaats are also extremely popular in the rainy season. Gulgulay – similar to small dumplings, but richer and sweeter jalebis, and amirti are popular dessert items in this season, and consumed fresh and hot. In Balochistan, meethay parathay or meethi roti is especially prepared using gur to welcome the rains.

### **Easter**

Like in the west, Easter eggs made out of chocolate shells are popular with the Christian community.

### **Christmas**

The Christian community settled in the country celebrates Christmas (the Birth of Christ) with great joy.

By the end of November, most Christians start the preparations. The specialties like Fruit Cakes, different types of toffees, neuri (with coconut and nuts/dry fruits), mince gojas are made just a couple of days before Christmas. There is much excitement preparing all this stuff.

The main course of the day is usually Chicken/Mutton Biryani or Mutton Yakhni Palau, Qorma, Shami Kababs, Chicken/Mutton Roast and Salted Meat Salads, Raeta etc.

### **Weddings**

While different regions have their own specialties which they serve at weddings, by and large biryani and qorma are regarded as standard wedding fare practically throughout the country. A



barbecued or fried item often accompanies the main dishes, while for dessert, generally depending on the season, there is a choice of gajar ka halwa, gulab jaman, jaleebi, kulfi, trifle or lab-e-shireen.

At Mehendis, the festive occasion prior to the wedding revolving around song and dance, the menu is normally barbecue-seekh kabab and/or chicken boti and paratha, along with aloo ki bhujia and kachori.

#### Traditional Dishes/Desserts/Sweets/Drinks

*Darbesh (Pahtun)*  
*Bannu Kebab (Bannuchi)*  
*Boli (Hindkowan)*  
*Kabuli Pulao (Afghani)*  
*Pocha (Balti)*  
*Girgir Aloo (Hunzakutz)*  
*Gushtaba (Kashmiri)*  
*Mutton Qorma (Mughlai)*  
*Sambusa (Tajik)*  
*Buuz (Mongol)*  
*Chickpea Curry (Khowistani)*  
*Paya (Punjabi)*  
*Khara Prashad (Sikh)*  
*Sajji (Baloch)*  
*Mantu (Hazara)*  
*Thadal (Sindhi)*  
*Chicken Chow Mein (Chinese)*  
*Mulligatawny Soup (Anglo-Indian)*

*Nihari (Dilliwallay)*  
*Seyal Phulka (Hindu)*  
*Bagharay Baingan (Hyderabadi)*  
*Bihari Kebab (Bihari)*  
*Galavat Kebab (Luknawi)*  
*Thepla (Gujarati)*  
*Bombay Biryani (Khoja)*  
*Dhokri (Memon)*  
*Haleem (Bohra)*  
*Dhansak (Parsi)*  
*Meethi Dahi (Bengali)*  
  
*Shawarma (Lebanese)*  
*Khow Suey (Burmese)*  
*Sorpetal (Goan)*  
*Dossa (Tamilian)*



## Vanished hotels of Karachi

Sohail Ansari D83

As Karachi was growing under the British, trade links improved with the development of the port and newly established railways. In the wake of the American Civil War and following the opening of Suez Canal, it became a hub for cotton and wheat exports. In order to meet the needs of the visitors, new hotels emerged that had to cope with the demands and times the style required by its customers. Railways being the major source of travel, some of those hotels were located close by. Four of them were commonly known as the quartet of railway hotels – the Killarney, North Western, Bristol and Carlton Hotels. Once considered to be the elite and posh hotels, three of those have vanished from the city scene today. Each hotel in the quartet had its own flair and style. I set out to give brief accounts for some of our lost famous hotels that once used to be the pride of Karachi.

### Palace Hotel



Soon after the First World War an eminent Parsi, Ardeshir Mama, built a house which was popularly called Mama's Palace. A small bistro was established there. He later went into financial difficulties and owing to debt lost this property to Punjab National Bank which could not find any hotel operators willing to occupy and run it because of a lack of guest rooms. However, in the early 1930's Sidney Marder who was a European

Jew and the operator of Killarney Hotel near the railway station in Karachi approached the bank to purchase this facility. Following negotiations he convinced the bank authorities to erect an annex of guest rooms behind the building. The Killarney Hotel (which was first housed in a building that later served as the Russian Consulate before being restored as part of the Bay View School in Cantt), thus, moved to its new premises in 1933-34. It was renamed as the Killarney Hotel – Marder's Palace. Marder's great-grandfather, Simon Wyse, ran the Great Western Hotel of Karachi, and his grandparents ran the Killarney Hotel. In the years that followed, the property was simply known as Palace Hotel. It was used extensively to lodge US officers and ran well till after the Second World War. Marder sold this hotel sometime in 1946-47 and left the country. It is likely that around that time it simply became Palace Hotel. It appears that the Singhs of Calcutta took it over from Marder and ran the hotel. In 1967, the government took over the Palace Hotel and it was sold to the Ramchandani family who operated it. Subsequently, Sadruddin Ghanji purchased the hotel and it was in his hands that the building was demolished. Later Sheraton Hotel came up on the site in 1982 which has since been taken over by the Movenpick.



In the 1950s, nightclubs were popular in Karachi and many of the clubs were run by the hotels. The Palace Hotel had its favoured Le Gourmet nightclub on the ground floor which introduced cabaret and where jazz musicians from abroad were the main attraction: 'Spike' Brian John Heatley played double bass/cello with Alan Ross at the Palace in 1956 and the famous cabaret dancer, Marzi Kanga, also performed at Le Gourmet. Its sensational dancer, Pana was particularly popular. The manager of Le Gourmet was Narinder Bakhshi who ran it on French style with a wide selection of French wine in its cellar. Thus, offering good food, best selection of wines,



entertainment with excellent performances and wonderful music. International travellers, including foreign delegates and reporters, frequented the hotel in the 1950s and from 1948 to 1953 it was popular among the foreign diplomats as well. Especially over the weekends it was where the more sophisticated revellers headed for and it was frequented by the rich and powerful. Palace Hotel was ranked as the third best hotel in Karachi in the 1960s. In that era it had no air-conditioning, just a big fan and charged eight dollars a night.



Palace Hotel's distinctive cups, saucers and china dates back to 1953 were the produce of Noritake, Japan. Its white body with an alternating line and band border of gold, white, gold, dark blue and gold, top-marked "Karachi" with the profile of an elephant head in the shape of the letter "P" in front of "alace Hotel" was a feature.



MEMORANDUM

*Telephone  
Travel agent  
to Book room  
at Palace*

## The Palace has everything...



The Palace is the oldest established 4 - Star hotel in Karachi. Set in the midst of a picturesque garden, with a well kept lawn, it is the coolest place in town.

Luxuriously furnished rooms, most of which are air-conditioned. Day and night service on every floor and telephone in your room if desired. Each room has an attached bathroom with constant hot and cold water. Excellent cuisine prepared by Otto Hanggi, Swiss chef.

For your relaxation there is a well-furnished lounge and a modern cocktail bar - or you may prefer Le Gourmet, the only air-conditioned restaurant. Continental band and cabaret; dancing every night except Fridays.

**PALACE HOTEL**  
KARACHI

Telephone : 51451  
(5 lines)

Telegram: PALACEHOTEL,  
Karachi



## Metropole Hotel



It was established by a Parsi, Cyrus. F. Minwalla, who was the then Vice-President of the Karachi Cantonment Board. The construction of Metropole Hotel began in 1949 and soft opening was performed in the following year (1950). Initially, it housed two floors but later a couple of further floors were added. The Shah of Iran performed the formal opening in 1951 but it was in 1953 that all the floors were completed. Darayus Cyrus Minwalla, popularly known as Happy Minwalla assumed the responsibility of running Hotel Metropole after the death of his father in 1967.





The evenings at the Metropole Hotel in 50s was an envy of the journalists for being the centre of both political and social activities as it was one of the top hotels that had other attractions too, both for the foreign and local visitors. Till 1964 (when Hotel Intercontinental opened) it did not face much of competition but in the ensuing years with the opening of other quality hotels in Karachi and reduction in tourist traffic, two floors were converted into offices. In 1967, it introduced a discotheque which was the first in the city. In 1968, the famous Samar nightclub was built. Sections of building were rented out to offices in the late 1970s. Following the prohibition in late 70s when the club scene was banned, the industry suffered a big blow and Metropole Hotel was particularly hit.

As one entered the hotel, there was a coffee shop that was a daily rendezvous for senior and city journalists. A cup of coffee costed two rupees, which was a heavy sum back then. On Sundays, a special Parsi menu was served with Dhansak being the most popular dish.



The hotel also served to host many functions for the state as well as for the foreign missions. In the mid-1950s, the Ismaili community requested a suite to be prepared for Aga Khan who hosted some functions in the hotel. The Pak-American Cultural Centre regularly held events and the French ran an opera at the Metropole. In 1957, German Reading Room was established here that later evolved into the Goethe Institute. The first Brazilian Ambassador to Pakistan arrived in Karachi on September 1952 and was driven directly to the building in which the Embassy would temporarily function during its initial moments and that was the Metropole Hotel. The US delegation made extensive

use of its facilities during the SEATO Conference in March 1956. In 1967-68, Z.A. Bhutto held the launch of his party, the Pakistan People's Party, at the Banquet Hall of the Metropole Hotel.



In the 1950s, under a programme, the US State Department sent leading American jazz groups to give concerts in major cities overseas. As a part of that programme the famous jazz groups of the day as **Duke Ellington's Band**, **Dizzy Gillespie's Band** and **the Dave Brubeck Quartet** (of "Take Five" fame) came to perform in Karachi and Lahore. Duke Ellington's jazz band gave two concerts at **the Metropole Hotel** in 1959. The band included such famed musicians as Johnny Hodges and **Paul Gonsalves** on the alto sax. The legendary jazz musician, Dizzie Gillespie, who visited Karachi in 1954, also performed at Metropole Hotel. The tickets for his show were so expensive that the poor people with whom he wanted to connect could not have made it. Therefore, it was his condition that the children from the streets with rugged cloths be brought in as well. The garden could accommodate up to 4,000 people. The beautiful dancer Amy Minwalla also held shows at the Metropole, where people recall her performing ballet including some international dancers. Marzi Kanga also gave enchanting performances at Samar. Professional belly dancers were a norm, with Princess Amina from Beirut being the most popular.



The hotel took every opportunity for celebration and arranged theme based events such as Middle-Eastern or Mediterranean nights or Italy's Independence Day, where exclusive Italian cuisine was served. Its Christmas and New Year parties were a treat.

Many a famous national and international stars were the guests at the Metropole hotel as were the crew of a number of airlines. The Pan American Airline had two thirds of a floor for the exclusive use of its crew. It had arrangements with the hotel of exclusive use of kitchen and dining facilities as well. The food for Hope Lodge was also supplied by the Metropole Hotel.



## Bristol Hotel

Bristol Hotel was constructed in 1907 by a British Jew, Mr Wiseman. Some believe it actually was owned by a Hindu businessman who let Wiseman manage it as the law did not allow an Indian to run an English style hotel. It was built near the Cantonment Railway Station-Karachi, parallel to the rail tracks between Karachi Cantt and Karachi City Railway Stations. As for the origin of the name of the hotel, not much is known about it: whether it is after the English city of Bristol or it could well have something to do with the fourth Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, Frederick Harvey, who was fond of high-quality hospitality. It was initially a tavern/bistro for the very affluent British officials. In 1944 as Mr Wiseman left the country, the property was sold to Dinshaw Avari. The



Commissioner, Sir Sidney Ridley, gave a special permission for the new ownership and running of the hotel. The Avaris ran the Bristol for 11 years. In 1955, the Dinshaws bought the Bristol, from whom it was sold to Mr Rizvi, an income tax officer, in 1960.



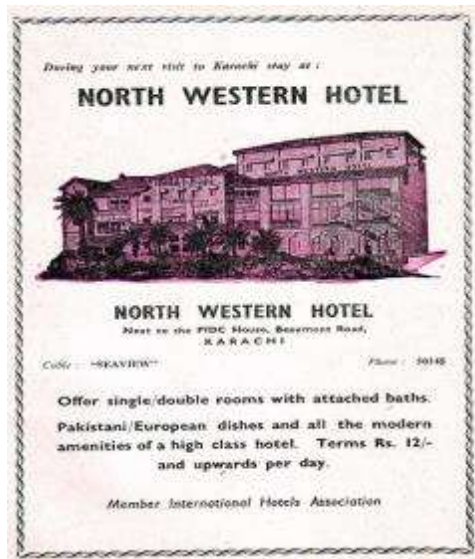
From the very outset, the hotel was mostly the venue of high quality cuisine and the most talked about New Year parties, May Queen Ball and wedding parties. Mr. Rizvi maintained the grandeur of the Bristol, particularly its cuisine remained the best in Karachi and the bar continued to run to the high standards of service. The New Year Parties and May Queen Ball maintained its glamour. Even during 60's the price tag for the New Year Party entry for a couple was Rs.300 which was very expensive then. It continued to attract affluent customers in view of the quality of its cuisine, spacious rooms with and the lush green garden; Saturday Night Discos and Night Club were considered to be excellent where groups from Thailand, Germany and France regularly performed.

Unfortunately the hotel was forced to close in 1994 when it was attacked twice in a short period of six months and its owner, Mr. Rizvi sustained injuries as a consequence. Hence, being a victim of the violence and vendetta of the current era.

## North Western Hotel

An Austrian Jew, Mr Wyse, constructed this hotel in 1908 and it is one of the four railway hotels, with the Carlton, Bristol and Killarney being the others. As the Wyse family were leaving the country it was sold to Agha Mohd Yusuf in 1946. Live entertainment was not much on offer here but Christmas and New Year were celebrated with a great zeal and were very popular. Its speciality included Agha's Tavern serving continental cuisine, and Agha's Grill serving Pakistani delicacies. North-Western Hotel served the finest of western culinary delights. The hotel shut down in 1985 for

renovation but did not re-open in real terms and was sold to property developers. It was yet another victim of the prohibition of late 1970s.



## Carlton Hotel

Carlton is still very much around and thereby a misfit in this article, yet I wish to share a very brief history of the origins of this hotel. Around c 1910 a Russian opened a small hotel opposite the cantonment Railway Station which was called Paul's Hotel. After a few years it was sold to Mrs Croal and the name of the hotel changed to Carlton Hotel that over the time grew bigger with additions and extensions.





[Hotel Columbus](#), Clifton can be seen in the background. The child seen here is now a big lawyer in Karachi.



MALIR HOTEL

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**Our dear friend Aliya Ahmed has been awarded "Best Teacher Award" in Anaesthesia at AKUH awards ceremony this month. Aliya also received her Degree in Medical Education from AKU.**





## FROM THE KITCHEN OF SHIRIN AHMED

### RECIPE OF THE MONTH

#### Rabri recipe

#### INGREDIENTS:

Evaporated Milk - 1 can  
Condensed Milk- 1 can  
Ricotta Cheese - 1 15 oz..  
Sugar - 1/2 cup  
Nuts - 1/4 cup  
Cardamom- 5-6  
Ghee - 1 table spoon

#### PROCEDURE:

Heat Ghee in a Pan, add Cardamom pods. Once Ghee is melted, add Ricotta cheese and mix well. Let it cook over medium heat until it becomes almost crumbly and khoya consistency. Now slowly add Evaporated and condensed milk. Cook over medium heat and continue to stir until you get desired consistency. Add sugar, slivered almonds and pistachios. Cook for another 5 minutes.



عمدہ ربڑی

ایک کپ	سٹوف الائچی	3 کپ	دودھ
حسب خواہش	چٹائی، چاندی ورق	ایک کپ	کھویا
		10 پستے	پستے

ترکیب

پہلے دودھ کو ابل لیں چٹائی اور کھویا نکال دیں اور خوب پکا میں یہاں تک کہ سفید آدھا ہی رہ جائے اب اس میں سٹوف الائچی، پستے کتر کر شامل کر لیں پیچے اتار کر خنڈا کریں اور چاندی کے ورق لگا کر کھانے کے لئے پیش کریں۔ عمدہ ربڑی تیار ہے جو بہت ہی مزیدار ہوتی ہے۔

## D85 REUNION NOTTINGHAM UK NOVEMBER 8<sup>TH</sup> AND 9<sup>TH</sup> 2014

HOSTED BY SHAHED QURESHI

REPORT BY FAYYAZ AHMED SHAIKH

The meeting was organised by Shahed Quraishi and Hanif Haji and the venue was Shahed's house in Nottingham. Sixteen classmates arrived mostly with their spouse to rejuvenate themselves with the company of 30 year old friends. We all gathered at the nearby Travelodge and went in a procession to Shahed's house at 6 PM on 8th November (Saturday). Everyone praised the beautiful decor of the house that had coin collection from the time of Prophet Mohammad (MPBUH). Shahed entertained the audience with the recollection of some occasions when he managed to get a cheaper deal for some precious coins. Photo session commenced at the Travelodge and continued until late night. Khalid and I were posting the photos on the Facebook as they were taken. The food selection was huge and had some of the college delicacies of brain masala, Katakot in addition to traditional biryani and Karahi. During dinner we were joined on Skype by Shoaib and Saleem Abubakar from the UK but could not offer them the lovely food.

The post-dinner extravaganza was a music event and the musician fulfilling the choice of everyone sung some of the songs of early 80's and even before. The atmosphere was so cozy that some of the classmates were lying down on the floor (like the old hostel days) and relaxing to the songs of Shehki, Almagir, Jagjit, Mehdi Hassan, Noor Jehan, Abida Perveen and Ahmed Rushdie. Halfway through the music, Abdul Kadir could not resist getting up for a dance joined by Hanif and myself. Ladies clapped to the show and appreciated their courage as some others could not be dragged in spite of a huge demand from the hosts. We all left unwillingly at midnight thanking Shahed for a warm hospitality and the lovely food and music for the evening.

Arriving at the Travelodge, boys gathered in Room 20 for jokes and jogs of the old memories until 3 AM in the morning. Abdul Kadir amused us with some of the most famous college anecdotes. The next day everyone gathered at 10 AM to go for a Desi breakfast at a Nottingham Asian restaurant. The Halwa Puri and Chana with Lassi, Achar with the company of college friends was next to nothing. We missed other friends in the UK who could not make it and others in Pakistan, Middle East and the USA who could only see the fun through Facebook.

PHOTOS FROM THE GET-TOGETHER IN NOTTINGHAM



## POETRY BY DOWITES

خواب نگر یا ملکِ عدم  
زندگی یارِ طرحدار کی صورت  
مہرباں ، نا مہرباں آتی ہے نظر  
بہرِ سفر، دل میں لئیے ایک عزم  
ڈھونڈنے جاتا ہوں اک خواب نگر  
جہل کی افلاس کی دنیا سے پرے  
آدمی جہاں انسان بن کے جیے  
مل جائے یا تو مجھے وہ خواب نگر  
زندگی یا لے چل مجھے ملکِ عدم  
اقبال ہاشمائی

My new poem inspired by this verse

SALEEM A KHANANI

from Hafiz Shirazi

بہ بوی مژدہ وصل تو تا سحر شب دوش  
بہ راہ باد نہادم چراغ روشن چشم

Welcome the nightly traveler of skies  
That shines and spreads the fragrance  
Of meeting you  
Of greeting you  
Inviting me to dance  
And be in romance  
Filling my heart with delight  
I remained awake last night  
O the blessed night!  
Till the youthful morrow  
The harbinger of sweet breeze  
Happily removed my sorrow  
I put on its fragrant path  
Where ambition lies  
The glowing lamp of watchful eyes

دوستو! ساز اٹھاؤ کہ روانی آے  
 میرے ہونٹوں پہ کوی بات پرانی آے  
 گھول دو تلخیء ایام کو پیمانے میں  
 آج پہر یاد مجھے میری جوانی آے  
 یوں کوی سانس مٹکتی ہے میری سانسوں میں  
 جیسے خوشبو میں بسی رات کی رانی آے  
 ایک تصویر ابھر آتی ہے رفتہ رفتہ  
 جب تصور میں کوی شام سہانی آے  
 اور ایک خواب جو شرمندہ تعبیر نہ تھا  
 آج تک جس کی ہمیں یاد دہانی آے  
 سارے پیغام جو نظروں کی زبانی پہنچے  
 سارے الزام جو لوگوں کی زبانی آے  
 وہ فسانے دمء تحریر جو محرم ٹہرے  
 خلقتء شہر کے لب پر، بہ کہانی آے  
 ایک چراغاں سا ہوا ہے شبء تنہائی میں  
 مجھ سے ملنے جو میرے زخمء نہانی آے  
 ذکر کرنا ہے وفا کا بھت آساں، طاہر  
 بات تو تب ہے کہ جب بات نہجانی آے

نئی غزل ۲۹ نومبر ۲۰۱۴

سید رضی محمد

بلا تخصیص سب کو محترم تسلیم کرتے ہیں  
محبت، ہم ترے ہر رنگ کی تعظیم کرتے ہیں  
اسی سے معرفت اللہ کی مل جائے گی اک دن  
یہ جو ہم مستقل انسان کی تفہیم کرتے ہیں  
ادھر ہم سے محبت ایک ہی پوری نہیں ہوتی  
یہ کیسے لوگ اپنے آپ کو تقسیم کرتے ہیں  
خطا کاروں میں ہیں، غلطی صحیح کرنی بھی پڑتی ہے  
مگر آئینِ دل میں کب بھلا ترمیم کرتے ہیں  
چلو اک بار پھر بحرِ ان سے گھر کو بچا لائیں  
چلو اک بار پھر اپنی خطا تسلیم کرتے ہیں  
سحر سے شام تک ہم جس طرح سے دن بتاتے ہیں  
وہی تلقین کرتے ہیں، وہی تعلیم کرتے ہیں  
رضی کا پیشہ کوئی پوچھے تو اتنا بتا دینا  
بدن میں منتشر انسان کی تنظیم کرتے ہیں



الزام اپنے غم کا غیروں کو دیتے رہتے ہیں  
 نادان ہیں جو باتیں ایسی کہتے رہتے ہیں  
 غریب تو وہ ہے جو محبتوں کو نہ پہچانے  
 آنسو یوں آنکھ سے کیوں بہتے رہتے ہیں  
 پیاری بولی تو جانور بھی سمجھتے ہیں  
 پتھر ہو جائیں دل پھر کب جڑے رہتے ہیں  
 بونے نہ دو وہ آج جو کل کاٹنا مشکل ہو  
 نفرتوں کے بیج کب تک چھپے رہتے ہیں  
 نگاہ طلب سے جب خدا کی سمت دیکھ لیا  
 پھر کب دل ویراں میں اندھیرے رہتے ہیں

Silent traveller on a dark night,  
 Solely lonely though never alone!  
 Unsure of its destiny,  
 Feeling as in a dreamy state,  
 Dunno whether its real or illusion;  
 The companion is not a friend,  
 Nor is he a stranger;  
 My pathway is in juxtaposition with his,  
 And that is also my predilection;  
 To break away the chains,  
 Hissing bites of terror,  
 My cross is waiting for me;  
 Trickling rivers of sweat, blood and toil,  
 Every moment exacting it's price,  
 The need for revenge gets stronger,  
 And yet a soft hand holds me tight,  
 Bewilderment in eyes and shy smile,  
 Purges the vengeance from my spirit!!

### Salma Hashmi

اتنا آسان نہ تھا تم سے بچھڑ کر جینا  
 ہم اگر عشق نہ کرتے تو خدا ہو جاتے  
 نارسائ کا اگر درد بہت بڑھ جاتا  
 درد کے سارے ہی احساس رفع ہو جاتے  
 کاش دھقاں کی شب و روز کی محنت کے عوض  
 چند ٹکڑے اسے روٹی کے عطا ہو جاتے  
 پھوک اگتی ہے مرے دیس میں جاں بکتی ہے  
 کاش وعدے جو کئے تم نے وفا ہو جاتے  
 اتنا مشکل تھا سفر منزل آگاہی کا  
 تجھ سے ملتے نہ اگر ہم تو کہیں کھو جاتے  
 ہم جہاں پر بھی گئے تیرا فسوں ساتھ گیا  
 کتنا چاہا تھا کہ ہم تجھ سے جدا ہو جاتے  
 جن کو ہر لمحہ پڑھا فرض نمازوں کی طرح  
 ان کی گوشش رہی وہ ہم سے خطا ہو جاتے

## **The Last Lesson: A SHORT STORY**

**Alphonse Daudet** (1840-1897) was a French novelist and short-story writer. The Last Lesson is set in the days of the Franco-Prussian War (1870-1871) in which France was defeated by Prussia led by Bismarck. Prussia then consisted of what now are the nations of Germany, Poland and parts of Austria. In this story the French districts of Alsace and Lorraine have passed into Prussian hands. Read the story to find out what effect this had on life at school.

I started for school very late that morning and was in great dread of a scolding, especially because M. Hamel had said that he would question us on participles, and I did not know the first word about them. For a moment I thought of running away and spending the day out of doors. It was so warm, so bright! The birds were chirping at the edge of the woods; and in the open field back of the sawmill the Prussian soldiers were drilling. It was all much more tempting than the rule for participles, but I had the strength to resist, and hurried off to school. When I passed the town hall there was a crowd in front of the bulletin-board. For the last two years all our bad news had come from there—the lost battles, the draft, the orders of the commanding officer—and I thought to myself, without stopping: “What can be the matter now?” Then, as I hurried by as fast as I could go, the blacksmith, Wachter, who was there, with his apprentice, reading the bulletin, called after me: “Don’t go so fast, bub; you’ll get to your school in plenty of time!” I thought he was making fun of me, and reached M. Hamel’s little garden all out of breath. Usually, when school began, there was a great bustle, which could be heard out in the street, the opening and closing of desks, lessons repeated in unison, very loud, with our hands over our ears to understand better, and the teacher’s great ruler rapping on the table. But now it was all so still! I had counted on the commotion to get to my desk without being seen; but, of course, that day everything had to be as quiet as Sunday morning. Through the window I saw my classmates, already in their places, and M. Hamel walking up and down with his terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and go in before everybody. You can imagine how I blushed and how frightened I was. But nothing happened. M. Hamel saw me and said very kindly: “Go to your place quickly, little Franz. We were beginning without you.” I jumped over the bench and sat down at my desk. Not till then, when I had got a little over my fright, did I see that our teacher had on his beautiful green coat, his frilled shirt, and the little black silk cap, all embroidered, that he never wore except on inspection and prize days. Besides, the whole school seemed so strange and solemn. But the thing that surprised me most was to see, on the back benches that were always empty, the village people sitting quietly like ourselves; old Hauser, with his three-cornered hat, the former mayor, the former postmaster, and several others besides. Everybody looked sad; and Hauser had brought an old primer, thumbed at the edges, and he held it open on his knees with his great spectacles lying across the pages. While I was wondering about it all, M. Hamel mounted his chair, and, in the same grave and gentle tone which he had used to me, said: “My children, this is the last lesson I shall give you. The order has come from Berlin to teach only German in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new master comes tomorrow. This is your last French lesson. I want you to be very attentive.” What a thunderclap these words were to me! Oh, the wretches; that was what they had put up at the town-hall! My last French lesson! Why, I hardly knew how to write! I should never learn anymore! I must stop there, then! Oh, how sorry I was for not learning my lessons, for seeking birds’ eggs, or going sliding on the Saar! My books, that had seemed such a nuisance a while ago, so heavy to carry, my grammar, and my history of the saints, were old friends now that I couldn’t give up. And M. Hamel, too; the idea that he was going away, that I should never see him again, made me forget all about his ruler and how cranky he was. Poor man! It was in honor of this last lesson that he had put on his fine Sunday clothes, and now I understood why the old men of the village were sitting there in the back of the room. It was because they were sorry, too, that they had not gone to school more. It was their way of thanking our master for his forty

years of faithful service and of showing their respect for the country that was theirs no more. While I was thinking of all this, I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say that dreadful rule for the participle all through, very loud and clear, and without one mistake? But I got mixed up on the first words and stood there, holding on to my desk, my heart beating, and not daring to look up. I heard M. Hamel say to me: "I won't scold you, little Franz; you must feel bad enough. See how it is! Every day we have said to ourselves: 'Bah! I've plenty of time. I'll learn it to-morrow.' And now you see where we've come out. Ah, that's the great trouble with Alsace; she puts off learning till to-morrow. Now those fellows out there will have the right to say to you: 'How is it; you pretend to be Frenchmen, and yet you can neither speak nor write your own language?' But you are not the worst, poor little Franz. We've all a great deal to reproach ourselves with. "Your parents were not anxious enough to have you learn. They preferred to put you to work on a farm or at the mills, so as to have a little more money. And I? I've been to blame also. Have I not often sent you to water my flowers instead of learning your lessons? And when I wanted to go fishing, did I not just give you a holiday?" Then, from one thing to another, M. Hamel went on to talk of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world—the clearest, the most logical; that we must guard it among us and never forget it, because when a people are enslaved, as long as they hold fast to their language it is as if they had the key to their prison. Then he opened a grammar and read us our lesson. I was amazed to see how well I understood it. All he said seemed so easy, so easy! I think, too, that I had never listened so carefully, and that he had never explained everything with so much patience. It seemed almost as if the poor man wanted to give us all he knew before going away, and to put it all into our heads at one stroke. After the grammar, we had a lesson in writing. That day M. Hamel had new copies for us, written in a beautiful round hand: France, Alsace, France, Alsace. They looked like little flags floating everywhere in the school-room, hung from the rod at the top of our desks. You ought to have seen how everyone set to work, and how quiet it was! The only sound was the scratching of the pens over the paper. Once some beetles flew in; but nobody paid any attention to them, not even the littlest ones, who worked right on tracing their fish-hooks, as if that was French, too. On the roof the pigeons cooed very low, and I thought to myself: "Will they make them sing in German, even the pigeons?" Whenever I looked up from my writing I saw M. Hamel sitting motionless in his chair and gazing first at one thing, then at another, as if he wanted to fix in his mind just how everything looked in that little school-room. Fancy! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his garden outside the window and his class in front of him, just like that. Only the desks and benches had been worn smooth; the walnut-trees in the garden were taller, and the hopvine that he had planted himself twined about the windows to the roof. How it must have broken his heart to leave it all, poor man; to hear his sister moving about in the room above, packing their trunks! For they must leave the country next day. But he had the courage to hear every lesson to the very last. After the writing, we had a lesson in history, and then the babies chanted their ba, be bi, bo, bu. Down there at the back of the room old Hauser had put on his spectacles and, holding his primer in both hands, spelled the letters with them. You could see that he, too, was crying; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and cry. Ah, how well I remember it, that last lesson! All at once the church-clock struck twelve. Then the Angelus. At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians, returning from drill, sounded under our windows. M. Hamel stood up, very pale, in his chair. I never saw him look so tall. "My friends," said he, "I—I—" But something choked him. He could not go on. Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, bearing on with all his might, he wrote as large as he could: "Vive La France!" Then he stopped and leaned his head against the wall, and, without a word, he made a gesture to us with his hand: "School is dismissed—you may go."